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THE

Commonweal

Latin America Industrializes

by Gary MacEoin

And Heaven Too

by Anne Fremantle

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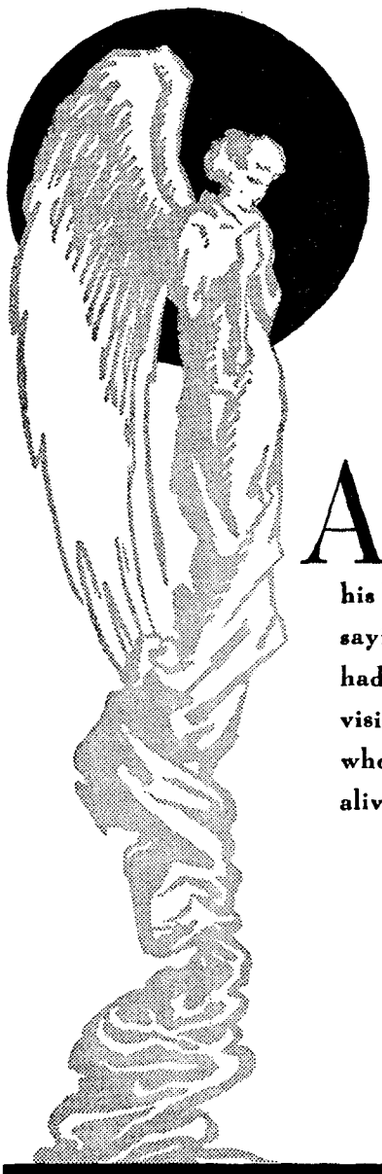

And not finding his body, came, saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, who say that he is alive.

Luke 24:23

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 27

Latin America Industrializes
by Gary MacEoin 31

And Heaven, Too
by Anne Fremantle 34

Men of Morocco, Men of Prayer
by Charles Murat 40

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 41

McCarthy and His Friends
by William V. Shannon 42

Book Reviews 45

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THE

Commonweal

week by week

H-BOMB REACTIONS

THE Washington newsmen's consternation upon getting the import of Admiral Strauss' statement as to the destructive power of the latest H-bomb has become nationwide. It has spread to Western Europe and other lands. Its implications have indeed made themselves felt round the world.

For the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission has declared in so many words that, on the basis of the latest Bikini tests, a single bomb could wipe out a whole major metropolis. Destruction would be complete within a radius of fifty miles; fire and havoc would extend well beyond that radius. The latest weapon tested had five thousand times the explosive force of the A-bomb that caused such a holocaust in Hiroshima at the close of World War II.

In the light of this development present air raid shelters would be of little use. The cost of constructing new shelters deep enough down in the bowels of the earth, and large enough to hold the populace, would be prohibitive. Evacuation of a threatened city would be its only feasible "defense." With warning under present detection systems but a matter of minutes, and the evacuation of millions requiring a number of hours at best, the difficulties involved in such a "defense" would be tremendous. And what would be the prospect for the men, women and children who did succeed in getting far enough away from a doomed city before the bomb (or bombs) exploded? How could great numbers of living victims of radiation burns similar to those recently inflicted on the twenty-three Japanese fishermen be adequately cared for?

These are possibilities which cannot be ignored. Authorities estimate that with the very best detection and defenses at least a quarter of the planes that were attacking would get through. The considerations that American air bases are nearer the Soviet Union than vice versa and that the United States has at present more bombs than the USSR are of secondary moment here. Such comparative advantages supply cold comfort to the inhabitants of the great metropolitan centers in the United States and elsewhere that now lie exposed to wholesale destruction.

If we turn to the peoples of Western Europe who have undergone bombing with "traditional" weapons in two wars, it is easy to appreciate their trepidation, their fear of getting caught in the middle in a war of retaliation between the two big H-bomb Powers. They know personally what air raids mean. They are horrified by the potentialities of the latest weapons, which could be delivered from nearby flying fields. They tend to grasp at any pact proposed by the Soviets to outlaw atomic weapons altogether. In doing this they fail to recognize that since the war American superiority in these weapons has been the greatest source of their protection; moreover, they do not stop to consider that even if the USSR should carry out an agreement to abolish all such weapons to the letter, that would still leave Soviet Russia master of the field by dint of her tanks, planes, men and proximity to their borders.

Despite the outcry about the latest tests, the United States has no choice but to seek to remain in the van in atomic and thermonuclear development until effective international controls can be set up. Power to retaliate in kind is the only means America now has of making certain that the H-bomb will never be used.

AT the same time this nation can hardly do enough to reassure our allies and other nations as to our intentions. Such efforts as to press for atomic controls and international disarmament, the strengthening of the United Nations organization, the building up of the underdeveloped lands and the direction of atomic potentialities to constructive purposes are imperative. In addition, a more enlightened American immigration policy and practice would serve to raise living standards overseas. Such emphasis will serve to lessen tensions in many lands. And where further tests seem called for, precautions in the area can scarcely be excessive.

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But it is one thing simply to stand ready to retaliate immediately against an atomic attack, another to rely principally on H-bombs to prevent further "little wars." America's allies in Europe and the Orient have not forgotten that this is the only nation that has used the A-bomb in actual combat. They want to be sure that under severe provocation we will not resort to the all-destroying H-bomb in a similar way.

Never before in human history has man been faced with such a threat of mass annihilation. In the natural order his main reliance has to be on the very destructiveness of the latest weapons: in an H-bomb war both adversaries would largely be destroyed, and the leaders in the Kremlin and the Pentagon know it. Can these men inevitably be expected to keep such an eventuality firmly in mind even when under pressure of the most intense provocation? That is the question that troubles men on both shores of the Atlantic and far out in the Pacific this anxious Passiontide.

HOPE IN SOUTH AFRICA

BARRING Hitler, no national leader in modern times has proclaimed racist policies as blatantly as South Africa's Prime Minister Daniel F. Malan. Malan has been able to win a wide national response with his frank appeal to the idea of white supremacy and strict separation of the races. But now there are some indications that the notion of *apartheid* may be weakening, not because of the logic of Dr. Malan's Opposition, but under the impact of hard economic fact.

Side by side with Dr. Malan's strictures on race, significant steps have been made in the direction of economic integration for Negroes. South Africa has brought an ever larger number of Negroes into industry where they are to an increasing extent engaging in skilled and semi-skilled work. As a result, the champions of white supremacy are faced with a hard choice.

The advocates of *apartheid* know very well that continued improvement of economic conditions among Negroes will lead to educational advances and eventually to self-organization into labor unions. In turn, these factors will help Negroes to bring direct political pressure to bear on the government with the aim of improving their conditions. But a return to strict separation of the races would mean a serious blow to the developing nation and money out of the pocket of each citizen. The continuation of economic integration for Negroes is part of the price that must be paid for the continued prosperity of South Africa. As a result, only the most rabid segregationists now dare to challenge the integration of Negroes into industry, and in this quiet promise of economic advance for the Negro lies hope for South Africa today.

BIRD IN HAND

THE Eisenhower Administration has pledged itself to a policy of liberalism in dealing with human problems and conservatism in setting forth economic policies. This point of view is reflected in the comprehensive Administration bill, now under consideration, which would broaden the scope and coverage of the Social Security System.

Changes in the Social Security System have long been in order, as Secretary Hobby of the Department of Health, Welfare and Education recently pointed out to Congress. The benefit levels in Social Security were originally arrived at in the middle of a depression economy. Increases by Congress since the mid-thirties have hardly kept up with inflation and have not taken into account the rising standard of living among U. S. workers.

The Administration measure would increase minimum and maximum pension benefits, and it would incorporate approximately ten million persons now ineligible into the Social Security System. Self-employed professionals, such as lawyers and doctors, and state and local government employees would be included in the new law. Rural districts would be particularly benefited. Included in the new coverage would be about three and one half million

NEXT WEEK

JULIE BEDIER writes, in the Education Issue, of a New England rural parish and vacation school.

"Fairfield is a typical New England community, except that the Puritan background is lacking. As a village, it is strung out in leisurely fashion along several country roads. It has three small stores, one of which also houses the post office; a garage-filling-station or two, a creamery, a slaughter house (in the neighboring parish), a school, a neat office for the Town Clerk, a fine large Catholic church and rectory. There are white frame houses, silos and barns, hills and trees and green fields, cows and cows and cows. In autumn the Vermont hills turn to red and gold. In early spring they are suddenly alive with men and youngsters tending sap buckets; with horses pulling tanks of sap on sled runners; with much ado and much smoking of chimneys about the sugar houses."

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farmers who have up to now constituted the largest single group not protected by the law, and an additional two and one half million farm workers. All in all, the new bill represents progress. It obviously does not satisfy everybody, but it deserves swift and favorable attention from Congress.

INDOCHINA CRISIS

THE sword which the United States sheathed at the end of the Korean war is once more clear of its scabbard, this time in Indochina. To the massive American involvement there in supplies is now added the threat of direct military action. It is difficult to place any other interpretation upon Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' statement that the imposition of Communism on Southeast Asia "should be met by united action." And the Secretary elaborated on his policy at a hearing of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. He said that Chinese Communists have been identified in actual combat alongside the troops of the Viet Minh. A Chinese general, Li Chen-hou, is at the headquarters of Viet Minh General Giap. Military advisors work at divisional level for the Communist Viet Minh. Chinese operate radar-directed anti-aircraft weapons at Dienbienphu. The Chinese drive approximately one thousand supply trucks, half of which have arrived in Indochina since March 1. Mr. Dulles' answer to this was to propose a five-power declaration of united action against further Chinese military intervention.

Mr. Dulles was stating a policy both profoundly dangerous and profoundly courageous. U. S. intervention would be a last resort; but the situation there is very close to last resorts. The statement was specifically meant as a first gun in the Geneva discussions. We are laying it on the line for the Communist Chinese to see. They may now reflect on this turn of events until their trip to Geneva.

The situation in Indochina is quite simple, and it is remarkably hopeless. If Indochina falls to Communism, India and Japan would be dependent upon the Communists for a large part of their food. The shaky autocracy of Thailand and the shaky democracy of Burma would have a Chinese satellite in a position to infiltrate them, and to exert economic pressures on them. Communist Asian strength would be vindicated, and the dynamism of the movement could not help but profoundly affect the course of events in the immature nations of South Asia. Dominant power in Asia would belong to the Chinese Communists, triumphant Asians. Japan and India, the key nations, would at best be paralyzed neutrals.

But is there hope for a Western victory in Indochina? The means presently available are inadequate to victory, military or moral. The French are militarily incapable of pacifying Indochina, and the vague promise of freedom they have given the people of Viet Nam is weak compared to the trumpet of "nationalism" sounded by Ho Chi Minh and the Chinese.

We have, then, two courses open to us. The first is for the French to withdraw from Indochina on the best terms available at Geneva. Even if the incredibly brave troops at Dienbienphu defeat the Viet Minh, a withdrawal settlement would mean a moral victory for the Communists.

The second choice is the brave one, the one Mr. Dulles and the Administration have chosen. It is to make it quite clear that we will not permit a Communist victory, and will ourselves fight, if that should be necessary. With that on the record, it is possible that the Chinese will back down. Peiping has hinted that it might find it necessary to sacrifice the Indochinese Communists. If we spell out to China the price of continued war, the Chinese might count the price too high.

But there is always the chance that the Chinese will call us on our bid. And then it will be a fight to the finish. The French, sick and disillusioned about this war, will not carry on without more help—indeed, not without our taking over primary responsibility for the war. And the wishful "let's you and him fight" advocates of action by the "free nations of Asia" will find that the free nations of Asia are not anxious to fight. Only the Chinese Nationalists and the South Koreans might take action, and their entry could create more problems than solutions.

The only possible action will be the action which should have been taken years ago: positive independence for Viet Nam on a set date; increased economic and technical assistance for the liberated areas of the nature now planned; the building of an autonomous Viet Namese army under a free government, with command of the army from top to bottom in the hands of native officers. (These officers would be aided and advised, when necessary, by French and U. S. officers. This policy was the key to the building of the ROK army. In Indochina today the few trained native officers hold only junior posts—a fact which does little for native troop morale.) Finally, if no other course is possible, American air and sea support and the intervention, through the United Nations, of American and UN ground troops. And there we have an excellent cradle for World War III. But the alternative to this frightful risk is a Communist-dominated Asia.

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LIBERALS, THEN AND NOW

THE word 'liberal' is not one I would choose for myself, but along with others like me I seem to be stuck with it, and I cannot, today, repudiate it without seeming to repudiate a number of things I believe in or seeming to embrace a number of things I hate. When 'liberal' was a term of endearment, a blandishment, I rejected it. Now when it is almost a dirty word, I welcome it. I ask myself why.

Words, of course, are only words. When I would have rejected it, the word 'liberal' as it was popularly used often designated one who was willing to overlook the evil in the Soviet system, to minimize monstrous murders and speak glibly about the fact that you can not make an omelet without breaking a few eggs. Such immoral rationalizing was clearly a betrayal of genuine liberalism, but at the time the Soviet apologists seemed to have pre-empted title to the liberal heritage. If, in those days, one wanted to reject the apologias, one had to reject the classification—unless one wanted to join those people who are forever saying that they are "true liberals" because they believe in liberty and not license, "true radicals" because they believe in getting at the roots of things, and "true conservatives" because they believe in holding on to what is good. There is nothing wrong with this kind of word-game, but it does make a meaningful political vocabulary impossible.

In those days, in the professional 'liberal' camp, one was considered illiberal if he did not go along with the view that just as the U. S. was ahead as a "political" democracy, the USSR surpassed us as an "economic" democracy. It was fashionable to overlook the methods used by the Communists because their ends were supposed to be so noble. Soviet Russia had to get rid of its traitors, agents provocateurs and "fascists," it was said, and the methods used were not really very important. Bright young men with ready answers and a blunted moral sense, then as now, had "explanations" and managed somehow to deliver elaborate defenses for the indefensible.

I agreed that we should ally ourselves with Russia during the war. I thought we should cooperate with Russia toward winning a victory over the Hitler madness. But I could not go along with calling evil good, or with closing one's eyes to brutality and murder and speaking lies as if they were truths. I could not go along with things like MGM's "Song of Russia" and the dishonesty of "Mission to Moscow," etc. For that reason I did not qualify as a "liberal" in some quarters and I even remember being called a "crypto-fascist" by some *PM*-reading friends.

At the same time I could not go along with the Coughlinites, Christian Fronters and other know-nothings who mixed up anti-Communism with anti-Semitism, a frenetic nationalism and a suicidal isolationism in a sour brew of anti-intellectualism. When these people spit out the word 'liberalism,' I could never bring myself to join their spiteful chorus. I hated too many of the things they loved and loved some of the things they hated. But I was still not willing to call myself a 'liberal' as long as it had the meaning given it by the Soviet-apologists.

All that is changed now and has been for some time. The Communists and their fellow-travelers did infiltrate the liberal movement, as they bored in everywhere. But I really don't think any group was more successful in getting rid of the Communists than the liberal movement after the war. One can disagree with the liberals in, say, the ADA or the American Veterans Committee today, but it is sheer nonsense and libelous to imply that there is any Soviet sympathy or pro-Communism among them.

I personally have a distaste for the political doctrinaire, whether his doctrines be 'liberal' or superpatriotic. I do not think I would ever join any consciously 'liberal' organization because I hate the ideological strait-jacket whatever form it takes. But I certainly would not be averse to associating myself with the 'liberals' today because of the essential positions they are taking.

Today, it is the 'liberal' who holds out against the idea that there is no moral relationship between ends and means. It is the 'liberal' who is calling for a look at the issues and is rejecting mass-emotionalism. It is the 'liberal' who is speaking in basically moral terms. It is the 'liberal' who is being smeared as a pink and a red, the way anti-Communists used to be smeared as crypto-fascists and enemies of progress. It is the 'liberal' who is bearing the full brunt of the attack on belief in fair play, democratic methods, basic justice and just plain old-fashioned charity.

One doesn't judge the courage of anti-Communists by how well they stand up when anti-Communism is popular. The measure of an anti-Communist is truly taken only when it costs something to be against Communism. Most of the present leaders of the liberal movement passed that test years ago. By the same token, one judges the defenders of civil liberty and of democracy by how well they stand up when their opponents are riding high while the cheers of the multitudes ring in their ears. By this standard, I think well of the present generation of liberals, with or without quotation marks. I could never join them even if they would have me, but I am honored to be mistakenly thought of as one of them.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Latin America Industrializes

TODAY THE INDUSTRIAL OUTPUT OF OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH IS GREATER THAN THEIR AGRICULTURAL OUTPUT

GARY MacEOIN

WE think we are devoted to economics and our Latin American friends to politics. But it was all the other way about at the Tenth Inter-American Conference at Caracas, Venezuela, last month. They fought for and we shied off discussion of our economic relations. We pushed through a political resolution affirming that the Monroe Doctrine (1954 version) applies to international Communism, a resolution they'd have much preferred to have sidetracked for the simple reason that historically they resent the Monroe Doctrine and consider that we use it only when and as it suits us to do so.

The Latin Americans were quite serious when they said they wanted to talk economics, inter-American commerce, foreign exchange and control of foreign investments. In the philosophy of Point Four they had seen hope of a systematic development of their underdeveloped economies, and they were reconciled to being relegated to a temporarily subordinate position in the implementation of that philosophy because the Cold War gave higher priority to the needs of other parts of the world. But they have been deeply upset by our playing down of Point Four in the past two years; and though they were momentarily reassured by the declarations which followed Milton Eisenhower's visit to many of their countries, they are becoming convinced that a totally different policy is being put into effect without formal declaration. They fear that they and we no longer share economic first principles, that on the contrary we are drifting farther from them and hardening in opposition to their aspirations.

Many of our economists and foreign traders undoubtedly express strong views about current policies designed to industrialize the Latin American republics. They regard them as in many respects chauvinistic, unrealistic and harmful to the countries that have embraced them. Look at Argentina, they will say. Once the bread and meat basket of a large part of the world, it now exports only a trickle of wheat and cattle, is pricing itself out of world markets for such surpluses as it still produces, and has reached a condition of economic instability best illustrated by the bankruptcy figures which monotonously establish new records each year. That's what you get for artificially-induced industrialization, they say: lower agricultural output, higher agricultural costs and labor shortages, inflation, financial instability, and to top it all, inferior manufactured goods costing more than imported manufactures of good quality.

Latin Americans don't deny that this picture is in broad outline correct, although they may add that the Argentine experience has been complicated by many extraneous factors which make it an unfair example. Exceptional droughts in several recent years constituted a major factor in reducing agricultural output and would have shaken the economy, even in the old days. The refusal of the moneyed interests to take the lead in the economic changes desired by the majority and imposed by the national interest made it necessary to effect a social revolution at the same time as the economic one, thereby aggravating the transition pains (a comment that carries no implied approval of Peronism as such). And agricultural exports are lower, not so much because of shrinking production as because of increased home consumption resulting from bigger populations and the higher living standards for the masses made possible by incipient industrialization.

NO matter what the cost, the Latin Americans are determined to industrialize. The bug has infected them, and they are well into a phase which is familiar in other parts of the world. Whatever economic theory may have to say about the rational advisability of dividing the world into centers of industrial production and centers of agricultural production, they point to the historic facts which show that only industrial countries have succeeded in providing high living standards for the masses, and only these same industrialized countries have been able to modernize their agriculture and thus pay a living wage to agricultural workers also.

In all of this the Latin Americans are not talking as utter neophytes. The area has turned in a remarkable

Mr. MacEoin is the editor of Hacienda, a Latin American agricultural magazine. He is also the author of "Nothing Is Quite Enough."

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economic growth record in the past two decades. Total production has doubled while the population rose 42% (to about one hundred and seventy millions), giving a net output increase per person of 2.25%. The postwar years have shown the greatest rate of increase, which is to say that the momentum is gathering rather than burning itself out. Total production of goods and services (figures in constant 1950 prices) rose from twenty-eight and one half billion dollars in 1945 to forty billion dollars in 1952, an average annual increase of 4.7% in total production, which—when allowance is made for the 2.1% annual increase in population—gives a 2.5% yearly increase in the output per person, or better than the U.S. postwar performance of about 2%.

Noteworthy here is the fact that industrial expansion is mainly responsible for the increase, to the point that today the industrial output of Latin America is greater than its agricultural output.

This does not mean that Latin America has ceased to be a predominantly agricultural region, or that it wants to abandon its place as a producer of agricultural products. What it wants to end is the dependence on export crops, often a single export crop, and also to end the social system that went with the traditional type of agriculture, a system of concentrated wealth and widespread poverty. Some 58% of all workers are still farmers or farm laborers, although they produce less than do the 16.6% of workers who are employed in industry. While the twentieth-century world trend towards urbanizations is reflected in the census returns from all the republics, only Argentina (62.5% urban) has more town than country dwellers, and several of the republics are still more than 70% rural.

Latin Americans realize that they need more, not less, agricultural output, especially since with rising populations and rising living standards they import today vast quantities of foodstuffs from each other and from outside the area (25% of all U.S. food exports in 1952), but they believe that—paradoxically—the only hope of achieving this object is by pushing forward their industrialization programs. By siphoning off labor from the land and at the same time creating purchasing power to pay high prices for agricultural produce, they hope to make mechanization and modernization of agriculture economically attractive.

VENEZUELA provides a good example of how the process works. The expansion of industry and development of urban centers made possible by the oil revenues caused so severe a shortage of food that mechanized farming, coupled with the use of agrochemicals and improved strains, has become one of the country's most profitable types of enterprise and is expanding rapidly in land settlement centers sponsored by the government in various parts of the interior.

The development of high-income farming for local consumption is also affecting the economics of the traditional crops grown for export. The principal of these is coffee, a main source of income for fourteen of the nineteen Latin American republics. Workers in these crops can be paid high wages only on the basis of high output per worker, which will mean mechanization, improved varieties, use of fertilizers and pesticides, just as with the other crops.

But, as Latin Americans see it, the survival of these export crops requires also some kind of market guarantees. In the case of crops for local consumption, it is possible to establish many devices—just as in this country the parity concept and all its ramifications—to maintain any desired relationship between farm prices and industrial prices. The export crop depends on a market not directly controllable by the producing country. This is, accordingly, one of the points on which Latin Americans want to work out a long-term understanding with us. During the recent hubbub about rising coffee prices, one producer said he'd be happy to guarantee a five-cent cup of coffee for as long as we guarantee a five-hundred-dollar automobile.

To continue the current trends to greater industrialization and to high-income agriculture, Latin America needs and knows it needs managerial and operational skills and capital. A survey of the important textile industry made under UN auspices in five Latin American countries illustrates many of the problems. It showed a relatively low output per worker for the area as a whole, but an output well up to the level of the most advanced countries in many well-run factories. Older factories in need of retooling or reorganization hold down the average, requiring in many cases five times the labor content of the modern ones. Because capital to invest in machines is scarce and labor is plentiful, manufacturers plan their production to get high output per machine and low output per man. The enterprise can make profits in those circumstances only by holding down wage rates.

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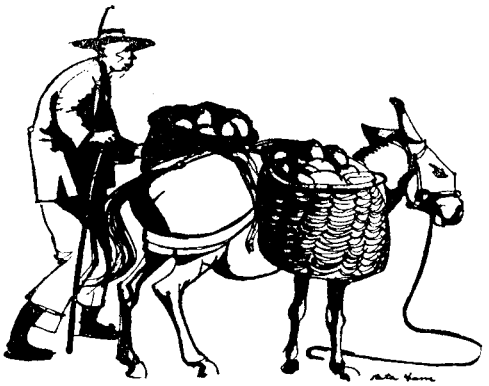

Deserving of parenthetic mention is a conclusion from this survey that, although in many cases a contributing factor in low output per worker is the smallness of the enterprises, this did not result from smallness of the market. In at least four of the five countries studied, the market was big enough for efficient operation but it was divided among too great a number of small operations.

As regards the skills needed to transform their economy, Latin Americans do not think that a shortage of them generally constitutes a limiting factor in progress. Although education in most countries is deficient, not only in terms of the proportion of the population reached but also in terms of content, producing mainly non-specialist white-collar workers of the pre-industrial type and without specific skills, there is a marked trend towards technical instruction where the opportunities to utilize it exist. The experience of U.S. industrialists in Puerto Rico has been most encouraging. They have repeatedly expressed their surprise at the rapidity with which local labor has absorbed a variety of skills. Similarly, the oil companies in Venezuela have built up a substantial body of specialized workers at all levels without jeopardizing their operations or materially affecting efficiency even during the phases of transition.

Top technical, managerial and supervisory staff is something else again. It will be a long time before the area becomes anywhere near self-sufficient in these categories. But substantial and growing numbers of advanced students are studying in U.S. universities and technical institutes, and in the meantime there is little difficulty in acquiring high-caliber people from the United States and from Europe. Here the Latin Americans have generally been fairly treated and they recognize that such is the case. U.S. industry, for all its competitiveness, has a traditionally liberal attitude towards sharing know-how, in marked contrast to that of Europe where trade secrets are jealously guarded. In consequence, Latin America has been able to draw technical assistance freely not only from UN agencies and the U.S. government agencies dispensing Point Four aid, but also from private U.S. manufacturing and trading enterprises. Even should Point Four peter out, there is no reason to anticipate a reversal of this basic trend.

BUT the situation with regard to investment capital is vastly different, and the favorable conditions in other respects are here faced with a decisively limiting factor. Industrial development in Latin America has reached a point where it is desperate for capital. The remarkable progress achieved since the end of the war has absorbed much of the available domestic capital and may even have drained off too much of it. Capital development of all kinds during this period amounted to 16.5% of the area's total production, and the quantity contributed from abroad was insignificant, only 5% of the total representing foreign capital. It would be unrealistic to hope for a more rapid accumulation of internal capital than that achieved in recent years, and if the greater part of this continues to be invested in expanding industry, it will be difficult if not impossible to maintain a balanced development of the other elements of the economy, agriculture, trade, mining, transportation, power, health and education.

The alternative is a big increase in foreign capital investment. Latin Americans recognize this, but they fear that the proclaimed policy of the present U.S. administration to leave the matter in the hands of private investors will mean less rather than more capital from this country.

The basic problem is that of conditions. The private investor's interest under the capitalist system is primarily in making a profit. He will place his money where the prospective return is most attractive in relation to the risks. On that basis, Latin America has received a substantial amount of U.S. capital in the past. Almost 40% of all U.S. private direct foreign investment is in the area. But much of it found its way there in forms and under conditions which are no longer acceptable to Latin Americans.

Not entirely without justification, their most violent emotions are aroused by any proposal that smacks even remotely of enclave industrialization, that is to say, the operation of a concession in a backward area by a foreign country. It is true that such operations have often resulted in the creation of a thriving neighborhood, relatively high wages, working conditions vastly better than those of the surrounding economy, health, welfare, education and retirement benefits. But they have also meant the establishment within the nation of an outpost of a foreign economy, having little beneficial influence on the national economic level and independent of the national market. Too often they have brought with them racial and national discrimina-

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tions, pressures on political groups and perpetuation of privileges.

In theory our businessmen go along with this point of view. The experience of capital where it was too greedy, as in Mexico, has combined with the business philosophy behind Point Four and the UN programs for development of under-developed countries to create an enlightened self-interest in splitting profits. The fifty-fifty division has worked remarkably well in Venezuela. Nevertheless, many Latin Americans do not think this is the answer for industry in poorer countries unable to afford uncontrolled payments of dollar dividends. They think that foreign capital should be restricted to such sectors of the economy as each country judges it is in the national interest to develop with its help, and that in addition it should be restricted to a return defined and measured in advance in accordance with the risk, all other benefits of development going to the country in which it takes place. The private investor's answer frequently is that he can do much better elsewhere.

Such is the dilemma. The United States stands to gain both politically and economically from orderly expansion of Latin America, cannot indeed afford to stand aside at this point and let "the laws of supply and demand" take their course, if that means an interruption of the industrial development to which the area is committed. Rather than let this happen by default, as they fear is happening, the Latin Americans are determined to have a showdown. They believe that at the conference table they can establish the reasonableness of their position. At Caracas they succeeded in fixing the date and venue: the Inter-American Economic Conference at Rio, in the fall.

ROAD TO ROME

And Heaven, Too

ANNE FREMANTLE

AT six, mother started taking me to confession—she was Church of England, but "high"—and I wrote my first poem:

On Thursday night
As it was right
We went and got shriven
God has us forgiven.

Mother then started preparing me for my first Communion. I had a rosary and often said it, for the housekeeper, a Frenchwoman from Trinidad, was Catholic and had shown me how to use it. During the war years a Catholic chaplain came occasionally to say Mass for the Belgian refugees, of whom we had about forty settled on the estate, and the wounded officers, some dozen of whom lived in a wing of our house. Some of their Irish nurses too were Catholic, and my first awareness of the Church was that somehow the Blessed Sacrament was more really present at Mass than anywhere else.

I remember leaning against the housekeeper to be nearer Him, after she had communicated, and praying in the empty drawing room, after Mass was over and everything had been tidied away. Mother had a great devotion to Our Lady, and we always had a statue of her in our nursery and put flowers before her images in church. And I realized my way to her Son must be through her.

The then Archbishop of York (later of Canterbury), Cosmo Gordon Lang, had been my father's greatest friend at Balliol, had married my parents and baptized three of their children. It was he who prepared me for Confirmation, and later told me I was the youngest child he ever had confirmed. I was confirmed a few days before my seventh birthday, with one nursemaid of fourteen and one of the gardeners and his wife, who were joining the Established Church from Methodism. Until my "second First Communion" in the Catholic Church, my first was the most completely happy day of my life. Thereafter father, mother and I went to Early Service every Sunday, in the lovely Norman church in the village of Waldron of which father was squire.

Prayer and pleasure were one in those days; we would "play" *The Pilgrim's Progress* over our fields, and the blue South Downs were the far-off Delectable Mountains. Or we would act the Emperor Julian's last sacrifice, as narrated in Merejkowsky's *Death of the Gods*. Or we would sing hymns endlessly, the J. M. Neale or E. Caswall translations of the great Latin ones, or the sultry Moody and Sankey hymns the head housemaid, Eliza Honeybun, loved: "When the Dewy Light Was Fading" or "Hold the Fort For I Am Coming" or "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus."

My favorite book, crowned by me with a wreath of laurel, was the Presbyterian George Macdonald's *Lilith*. Indeed all his books were very satisfactory, with their

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total acceptance of the "two worlds how strangely one:" *The Princess and Curdie, The Light Princess, The Golden Key, Phantastes, At the Back of the North Wind*—all were both mystical and magical. Nor were we "odd" because of our enjoyment of worship: we sledded, rode, swam, went to dancing class, played bumble-puppy tennis and romped as much or more than our contemporaries. God was a glorious, added dimension, and we were dreadfully sorry for some atheist cousins.

Mother was very interested in Irish freedom. Although neither she nor we had any Irish blood, she was a close friend of Lady Gregory, Mr. Yeats, the widow Green and other patriots. They would all come for long visits and give me their books, suitably inscribed. Sir Roger Casement pushed my pram in Hyde Park, and when he was hanged mother got me up at six to pray for him. And after that we used to invoke him as a martyr, and also the Lord Mayor of Cork and, later still, Erskine Childers. Mother wrote religious songs for the Labor Party, of which she was an executive in the early days with Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson, and we sang them at meetings in the huge Albert Hall in London or in little village halls.

At about this time mother lent a house she had built, The Pond House, on our estate, to a childless couple, the novelist Marmaduke Pickthall and his wife. My father was away all the week in London. At this time he was a Director of the Bank of England, High Sheriff of London, President of the Institute of Bankers, and busy. Marmaduke became a second father to me. Every single day my small sister and I would walk the two miles from our house to his, to the fury of our attendant governess, who was bored stiff.

Once arrived, we would go fishing for pond life in Marmaduke's punt or collect wild flowers or just sit around and talk. Marmaduke, the son of a Church of England parson, had early in life become a Moslem. Horrified by our idolatry, as he saw it, he tried to convert us. And, as far as I was concerned, he succeeded completely. He taught me the beginning of interior prayer: imageless, conceptless. He translated the Koran for me, chapter by chapter. This translation is the only one accepted by Al Azhar, the Moslem Theological University in Cairo, and is the one used in American universities. He taught me Arabic so that I could read it, a little, in the original.

He taught me the Moslem prayers, which I dutifully said, five times a day, after the ritual washing. I learned to keep Ramadhan, the month-long fast, from sunrise to sunset—another cause of fury to nurses and governesses. He took me over to the mosque at Woking, where I was accepted as a member of the congregation. When I was ten he left to work with Gandhi and the Ali brothers in India; he had been made editor of the *Bombay Chronicle*. But he still wrote to me each week. I had already learned a lot about Hinduism: Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva were as much in my heart and prayer as our own Trinity. Buddhism had appealed less. My Hungarian governess, born a Catholic, was a pseudo-Buddhist. Together we had read Kipling's *Kim,* and I called her *guru* and was her *chela;* we made a yellow robe for each of us, read the *Light of Asia* together, and venerated the water lilies on our lake as the nearest we could get to the lotuses. But Islam was a real revelation in its single insistence on the direct, complete, intimate relationship of God to the individual human soul. Here was none of the complication of the Redemption. "I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God," I wrote before I was confirmed having been told by a Protestant Nannie that God had killed Christ for our sakes—a monstrous thing to do, I thought.

Islam cured me of pantheism. Never again would I confound Creator and created. Instinctively, I had resented it in Buddhism. Now I learned that, as Rab'ia, the great woman mystic put it, "always there is left enough of I, to say Thou." And I began to think of God not as a bluebell field in flower, or sunset on a lake, nor even as the dying humanity on the Cross, but as wholly unimaginable, inexpressible, not this, not that. With this beginning of knowledge, because we were still children, went the fun of always wearing a *yashmak* (a black veil over our faces), of reading and acting the *Arabian Nights,* and listening to all the wonderful Turkish, Indian and Arab tales. Marmaduke was a marvelous storyteller, and he sang Arabic and Turkish songs in a high, nasal voice. I learned to pray anywhere, to flop down in a pine wood and say my ra'akahs on the six-foot strip that could be a carpet or a drawn line, but was always a reminder of death, the "six foot by three" which was all the earth to which I had any right.

Mother did not mind my conversion, but father was not pleased. He was a placid Protestant, content to go to Choral Matins, where he read the lessons superbly. I have never heard anyone do it better. He preferred the Old Testament to the New because the language was more splendid, his favorite passages being the one about "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" and David's lament for Absalom. In the New, mother and he agreed, the first chapter of Saint John and the thirteenth of Corinthians were the "best bits," with the Sermon on the Mount coming third. Long after my conversion a Dominican told me, "Aestheticism is the Anglican's true heresy," and I realized how right he was.

WHEN I was twelve, father died after less than a week's illness. I knew then, quite clearly, that life would never be as happy again, that his death was the end of my childhood paradise. Marmaduke, who

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was luckily home on leave from India, tried to comfort me, walking long hours with me in our icy park, not speaking, just being with me. But I knew it wasn't just father I was mourning, but the end of a way of life.

Mother was left badly off, and we went for her year of mourning to Savoy, where we had a house—the one in which I had been born. Mother got a local French teacher for my sister and me, and arranged with the village curé to teach us Latin twice a week.

"What about religion?" asked the curé.

"Oh, make her a Catholic if you can," mother replied.

Horrified, as had been Marmaduke by our idolatry, the curé was not less shocked by our apostasy. Gently, via Cicero and Virgil, he brought us to Augustine. For exercises, we read the breviary, a saint's life, a psalm. We began to argue and I was lost. For instead of only reading the best bits of the Koran, the curé made me read it all, the endless trifling legal points, the personal spites, the pseudo-divine permissions to lust or to murder. I learned to see Mohammed as a Christian heretic, owing all that was holy to Judaism and Christianity.

And then the curé made me study the Gospels. The person of Jesus Christ our Lord, as contrasted with Socrates or Mohammed, the whole Christian structure of sin and grace, were taught me as Latin *unseens,* as illustrations of *quod* with the subjunctive, *ut, si,* or the ablative absolute. I learned Latin so well that later I got a scholarship to Oxford: and within a year, by the time I was thirteen, I was a catechumen.

This time mother was furious. The Church of Rome to her meant intolerance and cruelty: Savonarola, Galileo, Servetus. She fed me Voltaire, as did my French teacher, a passionate anti-clerical. But Voltaire didn't worry me, or Rousseau either. I loved reading them, but countered mother with Blake:

> Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
> Mock on, 'tis all in vain.
> You throw the dust against the wind
> And the wind blows it back again.

Mother had always taken us to the Brompton Oratory in London at Christmas to see the crib with Mary, Joseph, the Magi, the shepherds and their flock. When abroad, we went to Mass, armed with an Anglican booklet *A Guide to High Mass Abroad.* When in Scotland, like the Queen, we attended the Presbyterian church, except for Communion. But to want to *become* an "R.C." was something else. She upbraided the curé, taunted him with breach of trust.

But you permitted me, Madame," he objected.

"Ah, that was because I did not think you could," she illogically replied.

We were sent to school in England, but allowed to go to Mass on Sundays. After a year we came back to France for the holidays, and still I wanted to be a Catholic, my dutiful younger sister, who had followed me to Islam, following me still. Mother confiscated our rosaries and took us for a tour of Europe, with a maid to see we didn't go into Catholic churches.

Of course we loved being persecuted; it made us feel priggishly saintly and important. And everywhere we found wonderful Catholic friends who gave us books about the interior life and prayed for and with us. We got to Stockholm, where the Oecumenical Conference was taking place, a Protestant-Orthodox get-together to celebrate the sixteenth centenary of the Council of Nicea. Archbishop Germanos was staying with my Ambassador uncle, and I horrified the latter by insisting on discussing the *filioque* clause with the former at breakfast.

Even in Sweden we found a Jesuit church to which we sneaked off to Mass. But everywhere we were told we mustn't join the Church, until we were of age, without mother's permission. I was fifteen, Clare thirteen, and twenty-one seemed endlessly far off. We were sent to attend Church of England worship. At first I would not kneel in church or make responses, but after a bit fell for the well-loved, bumpy hymns, and later also began to go to Early Service, as it saved me from having to go to Matins.

When I left school, before I went up to Oxford, mother sent me to a psychiatrist, as I still wanted to become a Catholic. In his office I had another prophetic moment, as when father died. I told the doctor, "If mother would introduce me to some Protestant boys, I'd fall in love and not think about religion all the time." The psychiatrist told me he thought I was quite normal.

THAT fall I was sent in our car, complete with maid and chauffeur but without mother, to stay for a hunt ball with a girlhood friend of mother's in the New Forest. Among the young people were Christopher Fremantle and his sister Margaret. He thought I was twenty, I thought he was twenty-three. I went home glowing. Mother was amused. A cousin of Christopher's had been a beau of hers; she had also danced at balls in her youth with Christopher's father—he danced appallingly but was sweet, she remembered.

Up at Oxford I met Margaret again; and through her, Christopher. I began by going daily to the Catholic church, St. Aloysius, and I gave parties to which I asked Father Ronald (now Monsignor) Knox, as much because he was one of the few men allowed into our female college without a fuss, as from piety. Several of my friends, male and female, were Catholic: I still intended to "go over" at twenty-one.

On my first vacation, skiing on Mont Révard in Savoy, Christopher and I got engaged. At first I tried to get him to Mass, and even found him waiting for me on the Brompton Oratory steps. He was a great friend

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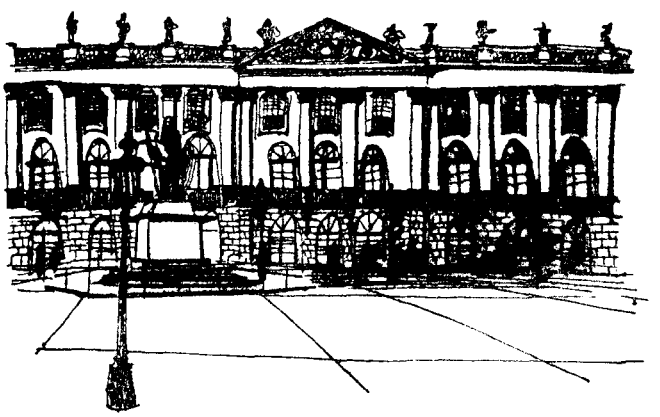
of my tutor, "Sligger" Urquhart. "Sligger" was Dean of Balliol, and the first Catholic to be made an Oxford don since the Reformation. He was a daily communicant and as nearly a saint as anyone I ever met. But he never spoke of his faith.

Christopher and I were married in the Church of England by the Archbishop of Canterbury. I knew I was in bad faith. I was as absolutely certain then as now that the Catholic Church is the one true Church, and I deliberately stayed out of it altogether for twenty years—from the age of thirteen until the age of thirty-three. For the first eight years my own curé had bade me wait. But from the age of twenty-one on, there is no shadow of excuse. I was as totally conscious of the sin I was committing, as I had been aware of the living, garrotted dying rabbit when I ate rabbit mousse at seven. I was a coward—afraid of the divine exigencies; I spent years flirting with God and did not dare face the consequences. And I hid from my own equivocation behind Christopher and his family, behind my mother and even behind my sins.



Ostensibly we were practicing adherents of the Established Church. Mother had begged me to give the Anglican Church a chance, to try it, and we both did. We went regularly to Early Service, often accompanying either my mother or Christopher's parents. Once a year, on our wedding anniversary, we went to Lambeth Palace Chapel and stayed with the Archbishop and received Communion at his hands. He baptized our two eldest children. Privately, I felt completely disconnected from God, unplugged, shorted. And I hunted about for some way to Him that Christopher and I could pursue together.

Many of our friends and several of my relatives were in something they called the "System." It was an esoteric theory and discipline evolved by a Russian, C. Gurdjieff, who had a big château near Fontainebleau in France in which Katherine Mansfield, the Australian writer, had died and to which Algernon Blackwood and other authors repaired. Mr. Gurdjieff's "System" had been modified for English consumption by his erstwhile disciple, P. D. Ouspensky, once a Moscow mathematics professor. Mr. Ouspensky had found an English peeress, Lady Rothermere, who helped him establish himself on a lovely estate, Lyne Place, near Virginia Water, with his wife and stepdaughter.

Mr. Ouspensky lectured in London. He told us we were wholly mechanical, that in our present state of consciousness we were asleep and unable to do anything. We had no free choice or will, the machine functioned, that was all. The way out of this sad state was by practicing self-remembering, a form of awareness that began by observing oneself, all the various parts and I's of which one consisted, and thus gradually arriving at a "permanent I" who would be Man No. 4 instead of Man 1, 2 or 3. Ouspensky meetings were very hush-hush, could never be mentioned, even among ourselves. If two members of the System met in public, they must not recognize each other.

Week-ends we went to Lyne, where the women did housework, the men worked on the farm. It was very monastic, the men and women never met, not even at meals, except once a year at a Christmas party. Silence was the rule unless it was necessary to speak for work reasons. We learned to recognize the working of our different centers, moving center, instinctive center, intellectual center, emotional center. We learned to face and to check the chief hindrances to self-awareness: negative emotion, negative imagination, considering (being concerned by what others thought of one, by conventions, etc.) and identification (being attached to possessions, externals, one's own way, one's own loves).

We learned that other people were merely so many opportunities for work on oneself: we learned the position of man in the universe, infinitely far from Absolute. We learned that, except for a minute number of Men No. 4, all we existed for was to feed the moon. It was admirable discipline, and Mr. Ouspensky used various techniques, some Indian, some Christian, and prescribed books of all faiths about the interior life. I read Brother Lawrence again and the Russian *Way of a Pilgrim* and the *Cloud of Unknowing*. But where these reminded me continually of why I existed—to love and to serve God—the System taught only how to see the mess one was in and how to get out.

If one didn't get out there was the terrifying vista of recurrence, that is, of this same life played over and over to all eternity, like a gramophone record that has jammed—which I still think is the most plausible of all possible purgatories. (For Sartre it is Hell. See his *No Exit*.) Meanwhile, I was writing books, articles, stories. I was in politics, too, was Labor Party Candidate in the 1935 election, was raising my two small sons, was treasurer of the Planned Parenthood Association (I made them change the name from Birth Control Society, as I found I couldn't get anyone to contribute to a society with so controversial a title), was backing plays and buying pictures, and generally leading a full

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and happy life. But I felt, as Rabindranath Tagore has put it in *Gitanjali*:

> That I want Thee, only Thee, let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me day and night are false and empty to the core.
>
> As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against peace with all its might, even thus my rebellion strikes against Thy love, and still its cry is—I want Thee, only Thee.

DURING the blitz, I brought my two children to America, found a home for Mr. and Madame Ouspensky, and sponsored some twenty children of various System people. Then I got a job for myself at our Embassy in Washington. There, out of nostalgia, I tried once more to make Anglicanism work. It was a "presentment of Englishry" if nothing else. But it was hopeless, and pretty soon I was despising it for what it was not and was deliberately doing things I knew were wrong and frequenting the Anglican sacraments after, with a fine hypocrisy, enjoying the complex emotions such behavior aroused: contempt for a Church that had no line on sin, that allowed Henry VIII's divorce and forbade Edward VIII's marriage, that believed a thing was and was not the Body of Christ with equal fervor. And contempt for myself most of all.

At a Washington party I met a Catholic priest, Father (now Monsignor) de Menasce. He was an Egyptian Jewish convert. I collected eccentrics, and thought he would be an addition to my menagerie, which at that time included an Oxford MA taxi driver, a U.S. general raised in a Tibetan monastery, and a Frenchman whose wife was the high priestess of Shri Aurobindo in Pondicherry. Father de Menasce came to dinner. But he proved no lion for my zoo. Instead, he lost no time in telling me how grave was my state. God only speaks once, he told me, and to me He had made Himself quite clear.

I told Father de Menasce—and myself—that I only wanted God because my father had died when I was a child, and I was seeking the father-image. That I only wanted God because I knew myself a failure, and wanted a dumping place for my complexes. That I had been brought up in an anthropological pattern of categorical imperatives and could not adjust to a society that recognized neither sin nor shame. That I wanted God only because I had always hated being a woman and He was *ersatz* for the man I could not be. . . .

"People must love their tyrant, just as society does, or be destroyed," I said. "I only think I want to love God because I really hate Him."

But I knew how false was my front. And inside of me I hated my cheating, as I hated the lie I was living. But, like some ghastly flatulence, the phony arguments regurgitated: it wasn't that I loved or wanted God, I only hated myself and wanted to destroy myself. Was not my will-to-God C. G. Jung's will-to-death? Wasn't what I felt only a will-back-to-the-womb, a longing for the steadfast skies of childhood Savoy, for my curé's croissants and coffee and our arguments in the presbytery garden, under the vines, with the blue lake below? Riding, swimming, arguing at seven had been my three delights. Now I was thirty-three. Was not arguing a last enchanted echo?

Father de Menasce made me face each excuse in turn. Kindly but with devastating logic he punctured each of them. Then he arranged to give me what I badly needed—a thorough, systematic presentation of the credentials, doctrines and practices of the Catholic Faith. Long before completing the course I pestered him to let me "become a Catholic and have done," but he always refused.

"So long as you see the Church," he said, "as a curtailment, however voluntarily accepted, of your freedom, you are not ready to come in. Only when you see Catholicism as a great opening of doors, a widening of all your liberty, will you begin to see the Church clearly, as she is."

I had begun to realize a little what he meant before I joined the Church, but every day now I realize it more and see, too, how little I saw and knew when I joined. For only within the Church do the "broken arcs" of our intuitions, awarenesses and half-truths become the "perfect round." Only within the total structure can any individual grow to what he or she is meant to be, made in the image of God, gifted with an immortal soul, redeemed by Christ. And only when one first accepts oneself as one of God's creatures, within the pattern of His Church and His world, can one begin to see the pattern of it all.

For me the greatest sentence ever uttered by a human being (outside Holy Writ) is Saint Augustine's statement: "Virtue is the order of love." I began to see, as I studied my catechism and argued it point by point with Father de Menasce, how ordered is God's universe from atom to angel, and how our only freedom is to fulfill His plan for us within that order.

ON July 11, 1943, I became a Catholic. "The one action," as Maurice Baring put it, "of my life of which I am absolutely certain I am content." My husband was most understanding, as were my mother and my in-laws.

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In the ten years since I came into the Church I have found within it the three "ways" I had followed outside. The aesthetic way of my childhood, in worship of the total, gratuitous Beauty "so old and ever new" that I, too, had loved late. The emptying way of Islam, the search here and now for that ending of all images which must happen at the moment of death; and the disciplined way of Ouspensky, the ferreting out of their holes of all minds' soft silly rabbits and all hearts' horrid rats. For, indeed, the life of faith is nothing "but a perpetual pursuit of God through everything that disguises, disfigures, destroys and, as it were, annihilates Him."

I had always wanted to be near other people. I had joined the British Labor Party and had worked in slums and done social work, trying to find a right relationship with people. But I found it not in the voting booth or on the platform or even in the clinic, but in the line for the confessional. There we are really one, where we line up to ask penance, counsel and absolution. There in our need for mercy, not in any presumptuous dispensing of it, do we find it. And the comradeship the Laborites never gave me and the sense of unity I craved, I found a hundredfold, the first time I went on retreat. Only at the spiritual level, not at the intellectual or the political, did I finally find "the bond of unity."

Then, above all, I found—what I had never consciously bothered about—Truth. The great, slow, inevitable march of the eternal verities: God within reach of our reason, the possibility of That beyond which we can imagine nothing higher and the certainty that He has not left Himself without witness—these were crammed into the crowded six months of my instruction. They also became part of the daily bread for which I now pray and that is given me each day. Each moment must mean a movement toward Him or a movement away, and because of that choice, each moment is infinitely precious. I learned to burn what I had adored: birth control, euthanasia, cremation—three absolute tenets of my mother's that we were brought up to think were "musts" for all right-thinking people.

They had become suspect to me even before I knew I wanted to become a Catholic. And I came to see them for what they are, hideous, glaring examples of the *"Non serviam"*—"I will not serve"—of Satan and of Adam and Eve. I will not accept the total consequences of marriage, that is really what birth-control advocates are saying. I will not wait, say euthanasia advocates, to be given death, as Eve would not wait for the apple to be given her but took it. I will not let my body serve the soil, giving back to earth what I took from her in being born, that is what I say if I insist on cremation.

I learned too, and am still learning, that there can be no valid mystical experience apart from virtue. The God I had loved as a child, before I had consciously sinned, I could never reach by exercise or experience or knowledge. Only by saying, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee and am no longer worthy to be called Thy child." All the longing that had taken me so far afield, to the worship of idols, to the cold emptiness of Islam and the yogi-like practices of Ouspensky was wasted unless, like Mary Magdalene's ointment, it was poured out in repentance upon the feet of Christ.

AS I realized that I couldn't get near God unless I practiced the Commandments, so too I realized that the only possible Church must be holy. "Where the living body lieth, eagle souls will congregate," wrote Saint John Damascene. I learned from bitter experience that the first essential of the true Church must be holiness. Catholic, I had always known, she must be. Even mathematical or scientific theories seem curtailed and abbreviated in comparison with the universal sweep, knowledge and comprehension of the Catholic Church. Today's quarrel between the unified field theory and Heisenberg's mutability principle seems but a variation on the old problem of grace and predestination, with Einstein a Thomist and his opponents Occamists.

History, above all, held me. I had read history at Oxford and, as far as English history went, I saw the Reformation as the most horrendous dislocation of faith and charity, the end of Christian collective life in England, the beginning of centuries of civil strife ending in materialism and the blight that was called the Industrial Revolution. It was not Belloc or Dawson who convinced me. At Oxford we read only the Protestant apologists, but they themselves, J. R. Green, Bishop Stubbs, Gardiner, Lecky and the rest of them only pointed up the rightness of Thomas à Becket and Thomas More, the infamy of Thomas Cromwell and Thomas Cranmer. No one can read history and not conclude with Newman that in time the Church's position is unique and has been and will be world without end.

The absolute gratuity of God's gifts daily overwhelmed me. "All this, and Heaven too," I found myself saying. Nothing else that ever happens or could happen is of comparable importance to the daily celebration of the sublime sacrifice of the Mass. The horrifying humility of God "given for us and condescending" grows more truly awful with the years. Nothing Ouspensky ever imagined in his self-remembering could be compared with going daily to Communion. If only one could ever realize even for an instant any part of what it really means to have Christ come to us as our nourishment and the pledge of our abiding life! No doubt it would not be possible to bear so much reality or one would just disintegrate like the trial house in the atomic tests. Yet we cannot cry with Saint Peter, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man," for we know we must go on somehow, "clinging to Heaven by the hems," and try each day to belong to Him a little more.

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Men of Morocco, Men of Prayer

CHARLES MURAT

1913

WHEN I arrived in Morocco at the end of 1912 I was at the age when young men are given to simplist solutions and enthusiasm takes the place of a critical spirit. I believed that absolutes are to be found in this world. Everything was beautiful, everything perfect: the skies, the flowers, the picturesque sights occupied my mind to such a degree that I was able to reach only the most superficial generalizations about the place. At the hour of the *asser,* or common prayer, which is so pleasing to God according to Moslems, as well as to Christians, when I saw the followers of the Prophet prostrating themselves on every side of me, and heard them repeat over and over the invocation *Allah Akber* (God is all-powerful), I was seized with a feeling of uneasiness. I was actually shamed by the thought that through interior recollection these pious Moslems were superior to me because they had achieved harmony with God.

In fact in this community where, as the Koran says, "there is no gathering of three individuals where God is not the fourth, nor of five where He is not the sixth," I felt more lost, more cut off, than in any foreign country to which destiny was subsequently to lead me.

The poignant sense of isolation encompassed me as I rode along the trails of the Middle Atlas range, which has been untouched by Christianity since the time of Saint Augustine. It was with me during the battles of Xsiba and El-Herri, in the long nights under the ramparts of Casba Tadla and beneath the walls of the castle of Khenifra. I still associate the feeling with the legends which the natives of my train told me—legends of la Baraka de Moha or Hamou and de Moha or Said El Irraoui, which merged into the landscape at times so rugged, at others so gentle, depending on the angle of the African sun on the horizon or the light of the Maghrebian moon. How much this landscape, so favorable to mystical thought, was in intimate harmony with its inhabitants! And I recall the passages from Genesis: "May God dwell in Sem's tent! May God hearken to Japhet!"

But one evening somewhere near Tioumliline as we protected the flank of a column marching to the bottom of the valley, alone with my Moroccans before a vast and unknown expanse, I suddenly rejected the sense of inferiority which had possessed me. I wanted to cry out to the Moslems who were my companions in battle that I, too, the chief, the Christian, could adore God and pray. I wanted to tell them that if we were there leading them, we who were the sons of Japhet, it was not simply to conquer a land but to do a good work by which all races would be able to take their places in a better world.

Prince Charles Murat, who lives in Morocco, contributes frequently to a number of French and North African reviews.

1953

FOREKNOWLEDGE, a glimpse into the future, how can I tell? It is the remembrance of this emotion, the recalling of that cry of a heart which life had not yet put to the test, which recently drew me to return to Tioumliline, now become a spiritual mountain peak of Christ the King, where the Berbers, our brothers, can see the power of Christian prayer. The Benedictine Monks of En Calcat, who established their Moroccan monastery a year ago, are doing more than to collaborate in the very humane work of our common fatherland; they are supplying its crown. Is not *Pax* the motto of Saint Benedict?

A few kilometers from Azrou, five thousand feet above sea level, in among the mountains that I had found to be so wild and desolate forty years ago, but which are now covered by a forest of evergreen oaks, thanks to the efforts of French foresters, (and off a road laid out by French engineers) there suddenly appears a group of buildings. The austere and simple appearance, the very crudeness of the buildings is in harmony with the landscape which surrounds them. A few vegetable gardens in the first stages of cultivation, a few common buildings, long, low and of modest construction and an open-air cloister make up an attractive compound like that of the local farms worked by the colonists.

Some of the monks, to provide nourishment for the body, spend their days clearing the land, plowing and sowing, and a visitor immediately has the feeling that these newcomers also germinate grains of prayer for the nourishment of all the people who inhabit this ancient land. These people have already made great strides together, both on the battlefield and in the struggle for material progress. Struggle on the battlefield or struggle to subdue nature are not, however, sufficient to bring

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about a union of truth between two brotherly peoples, who are nevertheless spiritually different.

Where can this unity better be found than in the Monastery of Tioumliline, in this quiet solitude where woods, springs and the majesty of nature are so conducive to the relaxing of the body and the elevation of the spirit? Here is a happy solitude which imparts new strength, in the face of physical danger and in the reality of supernatural things, to those from home, the French patrols marching up to these mountain crests.

For Moslem Morocco itself and for the Morocco of the other religions, it is truly a sign of the mercy of God that on one of these mountains the Church has posted guardians who, day and night, will not cease to praise the Name of the Lord in order that these peoples of different races, who inhabit the plain, may understand. From this Benedictine center of prayer petitions will go heavenward without ceasing for that "marriage of the Cross and the Crescent" of which Cardinal Baudrillart spoke, and which is indeed the end toward which modern Morocco is tending.

THE SCREEN

I'M CALLING YOO-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO

NOW that Hollywood has discovered CinemaScope, it is rediscovering the Arthurian legends. King Arthur and his boys romp fine across a wide screen. One wouldn't exactly say that "Prince Valliant," for which Dudley Nichols wrote the screenplay from Harold Foster's comic strip, stemmed from Malory or Tennyson, although several of the famous Arthurian characters figure in the plot and sit around chewing the fat at the sixth-century Round Table. But the story in "Prince Valiant" works out better from the cinematic point of view than did "Knights of the Round Table," which tried to adhere to Malory.

In telling the tale of the young son of the King of Scandia "Prince Valiant" allows itself freedom of movement; and while some of its adventures are on the preposterous side, most of them provide good, exciting melodrama with swashbuckling trimmings. Its costumes, land-and-sea scapes and castle interiors are beautifully photographed in Technicolor; the panoramic views, the pageantry and the jousts and duels work out beautifully in CinemaScope. Since "Prince Valiant" never takes itself too seriously, it can only be judged as lively entertainment, and as such it does very well—even with its curious mixture of sixth and twentieth centuries. Director Henry Hathaway lets his cast play the piece in a sort of modern conception of knights of old. Prince Valiant is portrayed by Robert Wagner in a bobbed wig. James Mason is properly sinister as Sir Brack, King Arthur's half-brother who, according to the script, was "born on the wrong side of the blanket," and hopes to nab the throne through skullduggery with the Vikings. The beautiful princesses Aleta and Ilene look like Janet Leigh and Debra Paget in handsome costumes. And the cast further includes as knights, kings, kith and kin: Sterling Hayden, Victor McLaglen, Brian Aherne, Donald Crisp, Barry Jones and even Primo Carnera. The scene in which Val and his cohorts recapture his father's castle in Scandia has the biggest conflagration since Nero burned Rome in "Quo Vadis."

I WAS probably one of the few living Americans who had never seen "Rose Marie" on stage or screen until I saw the preview recently of the new production done in CinemaScope and Eastman Color; thus I'm hardly in a position to compare the performance of Ann Blyth with those of Joan Crawford and Jeanette MacDonald in earlier movies. But the scenery in this version is elegant. Ann weeps into a deep Canadian canyon and sings "Indian Love Call" with that devil-may-care trapper (Fernando Lamas) who is her true love.

One thing becomes obvious before "Rose Marie" has run through even the first of its many reels: movies are hardly the correct medium any more for the old-fashioned operetta. Producer-director Mervyn Leroy lets his picture come to a standstill whenever his characters burst into song. Even the good voice of Howard Keel (playing the Mountie who also loves the wild French girl) cannot make for movement on CinemaScope's wide screen. Although the songs that have been sung and resung through the years are in this version, Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart would probably not recognize their score. "Rose Marie" does come to life in a big way, however, whenever Bert Lahr, as a bumbling Mountie striving for his stripes, does his stuff. The high point of "Rose Marie" is reached when Lahr sings about the Mountie who never got his man.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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McCarthy and His Friends

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

AS Lord Acton once said, first comes the tyrant with a sword and then the historian with a sponge. In the case of Senator McCarthy, the historian has arrived early.

William F. Buckley, Jr., author of *God and Man at Yale,* has now collaborated with L. Brent Bozell, a young Yale-educated lawyer, to write an exhaustive analysis of McCarthy's public career from 1950 through 1952. [*McCarthy and His Enemies*: *The Record and Its Meaning*. By William F. Buckley and L. Brent Bozell. Regnery. $5.]

No other book or article approaches this work as a thoroughgoing, convincing indictment of McCarthy. This, of course, was not the authors' intention. Acton's remark was directed against academicians who in their eagerness to be fair and to present history in all its many-sided complexity evade altogether the historian's ultimate responsibility for making a moral judgment on men and events. Buckley and Bozell are openly intent on justifying McCarthy and fortunately they are determined to do so on serious intellectual grounds. They therefore present the basic issues in terms of fundamental moral alternatives. The book is thus extremely useful, despite the authors' possession of a large and capacious sponge.

McCarthy and His Enemies is long and fully documented. It presents a candid, factual and in most, though not all, instances, a reasonable account of the operations of the loyalty program in the State Department; McCarthy's Wheeling speech in February, 1950; the work of the Tydings Committee, and other McCarthy activities, such as his attacks on the press. The authors do not shrink from criticizing Senator McCarthy although in almost every such instance they also offer some rationalization or cite some mitigating circumstance in his behalf. The scrupulousness of their research and analysis, for which they deserve full credit, unfortunately serves to make the moral callousness of their judgments all the more depressing.

Their exposition makes devastatingly clear that McCarthy has consistently lied, exaggerated, quoted out of context, made public judgments he knew he could not support, and deliberately accused persons, against whom he had no evidence, of heinous crimes.

One may review just a few of the lies they freely concede McCarthy told. He wired President Truman in 1950: "I have in my possession the names of fifty-seven Communists who are in the State Department at present." He had no such list of names ("an egregious blunder" according to the authors). He told the Senate all his information on his "cases" came from "loyal State Department employees" when in fact they were almost entirely from the records of a preceding investigation ("misleading" say the authors). He told the Senate his presentation of these cases from the earlier investigation was "the fullest, most complete, fairest résumé of the file that I possibly could [make]." Actually, by the authors' own count, he was guilty of exaggeration in thirty-eight cases and in fifteen cases guilty of such gross exaggeration that he changed "fellow traveler" into "Communist" and "alleged pro-Communist" into "pro-Communist." (The authors: "On this point, McCarthy deserves to be censured.")

He accused Haldore Hanson, in his writings on China, of being a Communist propagandist. (The authors: "In deciding to spear Hanson as a Communist, or pro-Communist, rather than a mere security risk, McCarthy took for himself an unnecessarily hard row to hoe.")

In attacking Mrs. Esther Brunauer, McCarthy said she had been chief assistant to Alger Hiss at the San Francisco Conference. (The authors: "Yet the State Department register does not show that Mrs. Brunauer was Hiss's first assistant and no other documentary evidence has come to light to support McCarthy's statement, which must be set down as unfounded.") In accusing Owen Lattimore, he said he was "the top Russian spy" in this country. He himself soon retreated from this charge. (The authors: "McCarthy got off on the wrong foot in the Lattimore case.")

One last example: the authors observe, "It is indeed characteristic of McCarthy to put into direct quotes what amounts to his own paraphrase of someone's position."

It would seem impossible for any reasonable person on the basis of reading these examples and the masses of other evidence the authors present to conclude anything except that McCarthy is unworthy of belief where serious questions of fact are concerned.

THE inevitable question arises: On what basis do two serious, intelligent young writers choose to defend such a man?

Mr. Shannon is a Washington correspondent for the New York Post and co-author of "The Truman Merry-Go-Round."

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First, the authors draw their picture of their central character in such a way as to make it as easy as possible to fit him into their basic premises and conclusions. Their book is in many respects an accurate exposition of some of the major issues in which McCarthy is involved, but it is not a full account of McCarthy himself. In many small, subtle, but important ways, they have contracted his image to fit their own needs. They present him as a Senator who was simply trying to alert the country to the possible existence of security risks in the government. They are willing to argue the basic issue in terms of this question: "Did McCarthy present enough evidence [to the Tydings Committee and subsequently to the country] to raise reasonable doubt as to whether all loyalty and security risks had been removed from the State Department?"

This task of alerting the country, the authors say, is essentially what McCarthy has been trying to do. That is also all that the authors apparently wish he had done. In fact, however, that is only part of what McCarthy has been trying to do and much of the time it has appeared to be one of his minor concerns rather than his central one. By focusing so narrowly on the written record with this single question in mind, the authors have excluded a great segment of reality. One does not catch sight in this book of any of the merry-go-round McCarthy has been whirling on these past four years in Washington: his evasive and disingenous performances before the Tydings Committee, the ham theatrics on and off the Senate floor, the arrogance in the one-man committee sessions, the tortuous attempts to trap witnesses, the knowing winks to reporters, the insatiable playing to the klieg lights and the newsreel cameras, the endless broken field running as he drops one issue when it fails him and chases in search of another to divert attention.

In other words, McCarthy, the ruthless, power-hungry, flamboyant politician whose cute tricks and shoddy maneuvers every Washington newsman knows so well, never emerges in these dignified pages.

Why, for example, do the authors think McCarthy told his big lie about Lattimore's being the top Soviet espionage agent in this country? One would gather from the book that it was only a regrettable minor exaggeration or the sad product of honest confusion. Actually, it occurred solely for public-relations reasons. McCarthy was not content to present his cases soberly to the Tydings Committee. He was losing the "play" in the newspapers. He needed a headline. He got one by thinking up the biggest and most sensational lie he could concoct. When he didn't need the charge any more, he dropped it. It had nothing to do with any honest search for the facts on his part. Nothing the authors quote from the McCarran Committee's exposures a year later of Lattimore's shabby record as a fellow-traveler alters the intrinsic character of the original incident. Indeed, by omitting the circumstances of McCarthy's original accusation and then piling on the evidence concerning Lattimore's lesser offenses, the authors misrepresent reality and mislead the reader who is trying to arrive at an honest judgment of McCarthy's role.

On the basis of their narrow and incomplete portrait of McCarthy and his activities, the authors then go on to justify them. Their front line of defense is a tissue of rationalizations, ex-post-facto reason, (something turned up later to make McCarthy's charge look good), loose environmentalism (he saw Truman win the 1948 election by calling people names) and moral relativism (all politicians exaggerate more or less and besides, the liberals say just as nasty things about him as he says about them). The defense, in other words, is that the end justifies the means.

THE authors make ultimate defense of McCarthy by providing him with a rationale for his attacks on government employees, particularly diplomats, whose loyalty and non-Communism is beyond question. They suggest that the only standard should be not "Who is loyal?" but "Who favors those policies that are in the national interest as we see it?"

"This brings us to some unpleasant truths," they continue. "When we speak of personnel who frustrate the advancement of American interests we speak of a group that includes some men who are *not* traitors; men whose only fault may be that they are incompetent political analysts, men of bad judgment. . . . In a word: our security program must be designed to eliminate personnel who on the basis of past performance or present attitudes will predictably hinder our cause, *whether this be their conscious aim or not.*"

"We repudiate the notion that the national interest is so vague, and good judgment exercised on its behalf so elusive, that we are never in a position to say which man's judgment endangers the national interest," the authors observe.

In line with this theory, the authors recommend all security firing be done by the head of the department and that the government dispense with the hearing boards and the appeals machinery designed to protect the employee because such Anglo-Saxon principles as a man is innocent until proved guilty are irrelevant. The security machinery, they argue, can never work as long as it tries to imitate a judicial system.

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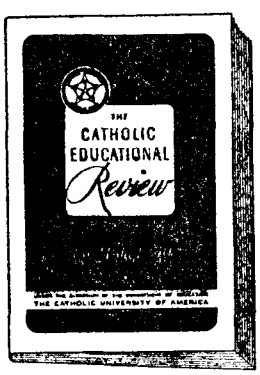
The book thus articulates clearly what McCarthy himself has never quite made explicit. What is desired is a political purge, not a fair adjudication of the facts concerning an employee's loyalty.

This destruction of men's careers for their errors in judgment is the system used in Russia. No free government has ever tried, and none is likely to succeed by trying, to adopt this totalitarian method of conducting foreign policy. Fear, hypocrisy, and sterile caution would infect the foreign service, as indeed it has already begun to do, if this were the price of an error of judgment. McCarthy wants to purge everyone connected with our mistakes in China a decade ago. Let us assume the same principle were applied to the makers of our Yugoslav policy in 1948. No one knew for sure whether Tito's break was genuine or a Russian ruse. The majority of experts took the view it was genuine. We acted on that view.

They were right, but it was a great gamble and they could just as easily have been wrong. Had they been wrong, the country could properly censure the President and his Secretary of State and vote them out of office. But it is impossible to see how the nation's interests would be served by also purging every subordinate officer who had a part in making the decision. Experts who know the languages of the Balkan countries, who have studied their history, geography, and economy, and who have spent years of residence there are not easy to find or quick to train. The nation has an investment in such men. Just because they make a mistake, we cannot blow our own brains out by firing them any more than an oil company fires its geologists who have advised the investment of thousands of dollars in likely-looking territory only to bring in a dry hole instead of an oil well. If it were proved that the diplomats made their mistake deliberately because they were under Communist influence that would be one thing, but that is not what Messrs. Buckley and Bozell are advocating.

Using this concept of a "security risk," the authors are obviously able to justify McCarthy's attacks on almost any government official. This concept goes beyond merely arguing that the end justifies the means. It redefines the end in a new and sinister way. The fact that risk is inherent in life is rejected, the possibility of human failure is excluded and failure categorized as a crime against the nation, and free men's capacity to grow, to change their minds, to learn from experience is discarded, all in the name of total security. No wounds Senator McCarthy has inflicted on the American spirit are quite so deep as this: that two intelligent young Americans have been willing in his defense to make this argument, coldly, reasonably, heartlessly.



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A Saint's Mission to the Church

THERESE OF LISIEUX. The Story of a Mission. By Hans Urs von Balthasar. Translated by Donald Nicholl. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

By ALBAN BAER

PROSPECTIVE readers who expect to find in this book a human-interest story of the sort provided by Miss Sackville-West or Mrs. Keyes should be told that the author's last book before this one was a heavily monumental and by no means "popular" monograph on the work of the eminent Swiss Protestant theologian Karl Barth, and that he characterizes his present work as "an attempt at theological phenomenology." But if nevertheless they decide to go ahead, they will be richly rewarded. For Father von Balthasar has provided a remarkable insight into one whom he does not hesitate to call "the greatest saint of modern times."

His interests are first and last theological. He deplores the undue psychologizing that saints have received at the hands of many of their modern biographers and stresses the great contribution that the right kind of hagiography can make to theological science. Where the emphasis should be placed is made clear both in his subtitle and throughout his introduction. "The mission which each individual receives contains within itself the form of sanctity which has been granted to him and is required of him."

Broadly speaking, there are two types of sanctity: the "customary," in which the Christian fulfils his vocation through the normal round of the Church's life; and the "representative," in which the individual is singled out for the good of the Church, and as a model of sanctity for the community. Saints of this latter type are the more distinctive: it is they whom God selects as corner-stones of His Church. They proclaim or perform what is needed at the particular moment of the Church's history in which they appear. "There can be no doubt that Thérèse of Lisieux was directly entrusted by God with a mission to the Church."

Considered merely as a human personality Thérèse has little to contribute. In fact her whole life is presented as a battle against its limitations. All her life Thérèse was engaged in an unconscious struggle to overcome two handicaps—one, as she realized later, of her own making. The first was telling her sister Marie of the vision of the Mother of God she had been given during her nearly fatal illness when she was ten. Through Thérèse's talkativeness her secret was betrayed; the misunderstanding, the sugary piety, were then inevitable. The second was the indiscreet declaration of her confessor, P. Pichon, that she had never been guilty of a grievous sin. "Her sense of sin had been destroyed; and with it a consciousness of place in the community of sinners." Henceforth "she goes on playing the role for which she has been cast, the model of sanctity, the or-

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acle who has to reply to skilfully-turned questions aimed at revealing her sanctity."

But in the end her mission bursts through: she is enabled to say, "O God, be merciful to us sinners," and to arrive at a fuller understanding of the deep implications of Saint John's words: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and his word is not in us." Thérèse is not Mary. It is only with this realization, not attained until the very end of her life, that her self-confessed mission of spending her heaven doing good on earth is given the divine sanction, for it is only then that she is able to understand the true nature of her work.

This bald summary cannot do justice to the richness and variety of the exposition, everywhere illustrated not only with the writings of Thérèse herself but also with apt quotations from writers one would superficially suppose to have no concern with her problems—Dostoevsky and Rilke. The author seems to have been well served by his translator.

The Outlook of an Olympian

SEEING AND KNOWING. By Bernard Berenson. Macmillan. $3.50.
CARAVAGGIO. By Bernard Berenson. Macmillan. $3.50.

By SERGE HUGHES

CRITICAL judgments, no less than other judgments, acquire unsuspected weight when they involve cash. The critical opinions of Mr. Berenson have involved some of America's most admired wallets. They have been sought out and obeyed by industrialist and museum curator, neophyte and connoisseur alike. If now and then a fellow critic has taken his pot-shot at Mr. Berenson's theories, Mr. Berenson need not feel too perturbed. He can feel that their interest is academic, his vital. To his satisfaction he has succeeded in imparting, preserving and defending good taste to those who have come to him for guidance: they have spent money and spent it well. Moreover, unlike his academic colleagues, Mr. Berenson can feel that he has integrated his study and his life. He lives in a villa in Fiesole, near Florence. He owns a collection of Renaissance paintings. He has the leisure to read, and when he writes it is without pressure, in an ironical, casual fashion, with little need of footnotes.

It must have been no surprise to Mr. Berenson to realize one morning that he was Olympian. The subsequent publication and enthusiastic reception of his autobiography must have confirmed his discovery.

Since then, as an extremely alert, though casual, octogenarian, Mr. Berenson has gone to some trouble not to lose contact with his discriminating audience. Of his two new essays, one deals with a general judgment on the position of art today, the other with the art of Caravaggio.

The first essay maps out the boundaries beyond which pictorial art is not to go. In a few bold and incoherent strokes a theory of art is presented which puts order in the

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anarchical present. Basically it is all a matter of balance. The "pure" eye sees so much, empirical experience and historical experience see the rest. Seeing should be a compromise between the simple visual knowledge and the complicated historical visual knowledge. Art and the eye are satisfied when both visions are represented. Mr. Berenson offers as an illustration a painting of Van Eyck. What is there that is intriguing about the vistas in "The Madonna of Chancellor Rollin"? That we can clearly recognize every item, even the farthest removed, with consummate clarity. That experience, Mr. Berenson assures us, is life-enhancing. We forget that things blur, so that the reality of Van Eyck's painting becomes a tremendously heightened experiencing of what we deceptively believe to be our powers of perception.

Once Mr. Berenson has established his point of the "pure" eye, he goes on to scoff, detachedly, at the Impressionists. Those painters, he says, tried to depict how things really are, and if there was any novelty at all in them, it was in their preference for the "socially unconventional aspects of life, of the workaday, vulgar, even brutal, even repulsive side of life." Those painters called for "only devil may care notation, good as long as it looks unlabored and free." Grumblings of protest may become deeper at that point. Few schools of painting have been so studiously scientific, so labored, so painstakingly analytical and withal so tenderly, nervously tragic as Impressionism. 1954 is hardly the time for even the most casual octogenarian to write manifestoes against it.

These peculiar allusions to Impressionism and to Van Eyck, may unsettle the most docile of followers. The unsettling will turn into distress in some as Berenson flowingly sweeps on to speak of technique as something existing independently of art, to confuse art and progress, to imagine the possibility of progress in the arts, and by logical inference to imply that art can come to one point of perfection by which the art of all other times is to be judged. It would have been far better to have written a short article bristling with cultured aphorisms, revealing that there is a lot of nonsense going on in contemporary art. The magnificent swells of his theorizing would then have been smaller before breaking on the rocks of coherence.

WHAT a relief to turn from the theorizing of *Seeing and Knowing* to Berenson's analysis of a painter whom he knows, Caravaggio! Such analysis Berenson can do and do well. What he calls incongruity in Caravaggio is dissonance: sometimes impertinent, sometimes insulting, often unaccountable, which marks all his paintings as his own. The tricks with light and shade, the exploitation of uncommon perspectives would never have made us remember Caravaggio as an artist, Berenson irrefutably insists, and through all his discussions of the paintings, there is the convincing feeling that he did study these paintings. There is even some deft satirizing of a school of German historians who have more interest in placing an artist in the styles they have discovered and recognized than in trying to find out what the artist is saying. There is splendid anger at the tendency to make art exclusively a reflection of the age, the times, the etc. There is even a jolly diatribe against Baroque Man, for while Berenson will approve of Medieval Man, he will have none of the former. This essay, "Caravaggio, His Incongruity and His Fame," if followed by unpublished works on the state of contemporary life and culture, should do its part in preserving the author's Olympian sheen. Even if, somewhere, Berenson does speak with admiration of a nude arm of Caravaggio "that Manet might have painted if he had imitated Ingres."

REVIEWERS

Dom Alban Baer, O.S.B., is a monk of Portsmouth Priory in Rhode Island.

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Personal

Philip Hartung reviewed his first movie for The Commonweal in 1938. The film was "Robin Hood" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Haviland. Since that date The Commonweal has been put to bed 799 times and Mr. Hartung has supplied reviews of some 2,500 new films. Besides his work for The Commonweal, Hartung is movie reviewer for the *Woman's Home Companion,* serves on the Exceptional Motion Pictures committee of the National Board of Review and does the annual article on Movies for the *Encyclopedia Americana.* He has written movie criticism for *Charm,* and during World War II did special motion-picture work for the Office of War Information.

Hartung goes to an average of five previews a week. He has not attended an ordinary motion-picture theatre in years and regrets missing the cartoons and shorts, which are only rarely shown to the critical fraternity.

In all his years of reviewing, he has visited Hollywood only once but plans to return soon on a special assignment. In Hollywood, he was treated royally and met many of the glamorous people he writes about every week. Seeing stars was no special thrill since most motion-picture actors eventually visit New York and are presented to the local critics. Hartung's favorite Hollywood people include Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell and Madeleine Carroll, who once returned the compliment by describing him as her favorite critic.

Hartung says firmly: "I *like* movies!" and feels that critics who don't should not be in the reviewing business. He has no ready all-time favorite film, but the first name that came to his mind when he was asked for one was "Stagecoach."

Mr. Hartung writes his own heads for his Commonweal columns. Among the more memorable are "Time Wounds All Heels," "A Bed of Neuroses" and "Leaving No Turn Unstoned."

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